

A TITHING EXPERIENCE.

By Rev. Wm. McLeod, Leitch's Creek, C.B.

The late Rev. Wm. J. McKenzie, our pioneer in Korea, while my room-mate in the Presbyterian College, Halifax, over thirty-two years ago, succeeded in persuading me to adopt "God's minimum."

Like many today I at first shrank from the venture, and sought to present difficulties and objections which might cause him to desist from appeal and satisfy my conscience.

But, thank God, he, with characteristic zeal, eventually triumphed. Oh, what a relief to have a criterion, a standard, and to know it is God's choosing. How much more of what the Master has permitted me to receive in the way of salary, gift, etc., has been committed to His treasury than it following the yet too common indefinite way of guessing at the amount which should be contributed.

Happily my wife was, with all the other members of the family, trained by her father from infancy to tithe.

When the salary was small, and often for months but few payments, Satan sought to persuade me to drop tithing. But "Resist the devil and he will flee from you" was an accomplished fact.

In one of the large fields I occupied since ordination in 1889, the cutting down by Presbytery of the Augmentation Grant and the failure of my parishioners to increase their giving, caused a loss, in less than four years of \$500.

For four years I labored, in the capacity of evangelist, without promise of salary and though, at times, but little remuneration, we went beyond the tithe, and Mal. 3:10, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven," etc., was fulfilled, and we believe that, even in temporal affairs, we are more favored than if only, without any method, contributing small sums.

"There is that which scattereth yet increaseth, and there is that which withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty," is as evident as in Solomon's day.

As the sun arising immediately cuts out all artificial lights, all professing Christians adopting the tithe would do away with not only doubtful methods of securing money for God's work but bring "meat in mine house," till the question no longer would be "How can we raise the money?" but "How shall we best use the wonderful superabundance?"

At the same time, while God's people would find greater joy in serving with more of what He has given, their souls would correspondingly "grow in grace" and "Pour you out a blessing," etc., as in Malachi's Day, be literally fulfilled in greater prosperity in every temporal sphere.

The tithe is God's; therefore, paying it is only cancelling our debt by yielding God His own reserved property, and all we give is what we contribute as thank-offering beyond the tenth.

When a person balks they stop pulling.
—Rev. R. C. Potter.

FEELINGS HURT.

"So many of my members have been at outs with one another," said a pastor. "They have had their feelings hurt."

"Wouldn't it be fortunate," remarked I, "if they could be treated as are those who have appendicitis, and cut off their sore feelings?"

Indeed it would," assented he. "And I'd be willing to pay the cost of operating on some of my members."

"He hurt my feelings." Tut. The idea of a full-grown man saying such a thing. It's like a child. And he ought to be treated like a child, a naughty boy, spanked and put to bed supperless. What's the sense of one's carrying his feelings around with him when they are so easily hurt? Better leave them at home. A kid with a sore toe has sense enough to keep it out of the way.

Church members getting their feelings hurt! Ridiculous! A maiden losing her temper because the wind flips a rose petal in her face! Think of it, a professed follower of the meek Jesus getting angry with a fellow disciple! And usually over a mere trifle.

Pray, what does Christianity mean if not a little forbearance? Nine times in ten the offender meant no offense at all. You fancied ill when none was intended. You are just supersensitive. You have lots more feelings than religion.

Even if offense is intended, you ought to have enough of the Christ spirit to take no notice of it. Now, don't get your feelings hurt any more. Be ashamed of yourself and make yourself behave.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

EMOTION AND MOTION.

Emotion that does not produce motion is destructive. It is the tremendous vibration of an aeroplane engine that shortens its life and lessens its power. It is producing power that is not going out in motion. The power is being used neither in the upward lift nor in the forward thrust. Many Christians have emotions that never produce motion, and this causes a great loss of power in their lives. They hear a message from God and the Spirit thrills them, and fills them with a desire for service. The desire oozes away in the walk home from church, and the inrush of worldly cares takes its place. Nehemiah had tremendous emotions and they were all expended in vital effort. In describing his experience when he heard the rumor of the ruin of his beloved Jerusalem, he said, "It came to pass when I heard these words that I sat down and wept and mourned certain days." But his emotion produced motion, and he prayed to God—hallowing his sorrows in divine fellowship, and having his tear-dimmed vision clarified by the anointing of God's eye-salve of grace. Then he went out and built the wall in the face of grief, laughter, wrath, mocking, conflict, and subtlety—saying: "Should such a man as I flee?"—S. S. Times.

"Let us strongly and closely insist upon inward and outward holiness in all its branches." (Methodist Episcopal Discipline, 1916, page 121).

IN MEMORIAM.

In loving memory of our dear Mother, Mrs. George B. Storey, who left us Oct. 14th, 1920.

Family.

TRUST!

"God never would send you the darkness,
If He felt you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to His guiding hand

If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.

"So He sends you the blinding darkness,
And the furnace of sevenfold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet;
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

"Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer someone behind you
Whose courage is sinking low."

HE IS LOOKING FOR YOU.

"Tell me, little stranger! What is the matter?"

The rough-looking wagoner softened his voice in speaking, for the child in the road was crying.

"I am lost! I can't find my father," sobbed the child.

"Is he a big man with a long white beard?"

"Yes; that's my father."

"It's all right then, because he's looking for you. Keep right along and if you don't find him, he'll find you."

And the child dried his tears, and sprang into the road again, for, if his father were looking for him, of course, he could not fail to be in his arms again after a while.

So, boys and girls, if you want to come to Christ, take courage. He is looking for you, too, if you only persevere, you are sure to meet Him in the way, and to hear His gracious voice, saying, "Come unto me."—Sel.

"THE HOPE OF GLORY."

Col. 1:27

What is our calling's glorious hope
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up;
I calmly wait for this.

I wait till He shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

When Jesus makes my heart His home,
My sins all depart;
And "Lo!" He saith, "I quickly come
To fill and rule thy heart."

Be it according to thy word,
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!

—Charles Wesley.